



Uncle Josh—Be yew th' feller what answers qeshtions?  
Clerk—Yes. What would you like to know?  
Uncle Josh—Heow much do yew git a week?

### GOOD "RED HERRING" SARDINES

Comparatively few imported sardines are sold in this country nowadays, yet not one consumer in a thousand knows the difference between the imitation and the genuine, so nearly does the fish sold for a sardine resemble the real sardine in appearance and taste. Nine-tenths of the "sardines" come from Maine. In Eastport alone there are over two dozen places where the mock sardine is prepared and boxed. The New York Sun gives an account of the industry.

The business was begun long ago by a couple of sharp and far-seeing New Yorkers, who began to pack small herring in little wooden kegs and place them on the market under the name of "Russian herring." The venture was most successful, but the men got the idea there was more money still in modeling the herring after the French sardine.

A similar experiment had been tried not long before, but it had turned out to be a failure. It had been easy to pack the Maine herring in olive oil and to encase it in boxes which imitated the French production, but the taste of the herring remained unmistakable, and the scheme failed. The New Yorkers, however, after a few trials, hit on a mixture or blend of spices and oils for a packing sauce, which made a "sardine" of a herring and caused to spring up a gigantic industry. "Sardines" are made not only from common herring, but from young sea trout.

The way the fish are handled at the factory is a sight worth going to Maine to see. When they have been piled in heaps on long tables the cleaning begins. The rapidity of the work is wonderful. A 7-year-old girl can behead and clean seventy-five herrings every minute for ten minutes without a miss or a halt.

New York is the great wholesale center for these Yankee "sardines." One Maine factory alone—and there are others doing as large a trade—has made and sold as many as two million boxes of "sardines" in a year.

### Speaks 400 Languages.

Alfredo Trombetti of Bologna enjoys an international reputation as the world's greatest linguist. He speaks 400 different languages and dialects and is still adding to his knowledge of strange tongues. Ever since he was 14 years of age he has been mastering the various languages of the world, and he intends shortly to come to America to complete his knowledge of the dialects of the Indians of the Rockies.

### SIZE OF SHOES NOT MARKED.

Dealers Use Cipher System for Numbering Women's Shoes.

What number does she wear? It should be a surprise to a few men, at least to know that she no longer wears shoes of numbered sizes. The old 1, 2, 3 way of numbering women's shoes has seen its day; now sizes are no longer designated by numbers, at least not in the places where she buys shoes that cost as if they were made of gold and a precious stone or two. There are marks and numbers that tell the story of length and breadth to the clerk, but they mean nothing to the customer. Who would guess that K17368\*\* means 4½ D? Only the shoe clerk, and he tells no one.

Therein is the purpose of the absence of numbers on women's shoes. "I always wear a 3B," she would say, and the clerk would see a No. 4½D foot resting in the little fitting stand. Without comment he would bring shoes to fit snugly and not with too great discomfort.

"That's very pretty. I think I'll take these," and he would begin to hope a sale had been made. "Now, if he could only get them into a box without—"

"I want to lok at them again. Just a moment, please. Why, you said these were 3s and now they are 5s! Why, I never in all my days wore anything bigger than 3s. No, indeed. I shan't be imposed upon, I assure you. I care to see no other shoes; I shall go somewhere where I can be given proper treatment." And a sale lost because the clerk could not hide the true facts about the proper size of shoes for her to wear.

So a few years ago the manufacturers and the merchants resorted to cipher in designating shoes, and a "number" nowadays reads like a football signal. Some women have even penetrated the cipher and, consequently, some shops request that nothing be said about numbers—the salesman will measure the foot and bring a shoe to correspond. That is, he'll bring the first too large, in order to let the fair buyer have the satisfaction of asking for something smaller.

Meanwhile the men's shoes still have sizes marked in plain numbers and in plain sight.—Kansas City Star.

### Encouraging.

An Irishman fell into a river, and it happened that while he was screaming for help his dearest friend, a journalist, crossed the bridge and beheld his struggles. "Be calm! Be resolute!" shouted the journalist. "I'm too late for the evening edition, but I'll give you a lively paragraph in the morning!"



The Butcher—Vat kind of steak do you vand, ma'am—borterhouse?  
Mrs. Hasherly—No; boarding house.

### Be Ready for the Opportunity.

People are apt to think that, though their actual lives are poor and self-centered and such as they are half ashamed of, if some great crisis arose they would be able to gather up their halting will and raise themselves to its height. Yes, no doubt. Only life's sternest calls never come in any such fashion. Things don't arrange themselves for us to gather up our feeble will and settle with our souls that we will be heroes. They come hardly and sharply, testing not what we have resolved to be, but simply what we are. We have a sort of feeling that it is the opportunity that makes the man. Not so. The opportunity only shows him for what he is, and the spirit of prompt duty, of quick, instinctive loyalty to right under whatever temptation may ever come, may be cultivated and grow to the very capacity for heroism even in life's lowliest place and poorest work.

### A Russian "Volunteer."

It is often said that Russians are soldiers "born;" occasionally, however, one is made to order. An English visitor in Moscow was in one of the side streets recently when his attention was attracted by the scuffling of feet, the swish of a whip, and the sound of loud words.

Looking across the way, he saw a stocky fellow in a blouse, flat on the ground and stoutly resisting the efforts of two soldiers to set him on his feet and make him go along.

The Englishman turned to a man in official uniform at his side, who also was watching the struggle, but without excitement or interest.

"What's the trouble?" asked the Englishman.

The official shrugged his shoulders. "There's no trouble," he replied. "It's only a peasant turning volunteer."

### An Old Cure for Scurvy.

Scurvy used to be regularly treated when it was possible by burying the patients up to their necks in fresh earth, a practice officially recommended in the British navy less than a century ago. Twenty of the crew of the frigate *Blonde* were so treated on the shore of Donna Maria Bay, Santo Domingo. Holes were dug in the softest soil on the beach. Into each of these a man was put and buried to his chin, while a detachment of their shipmates was told off to keep the flies from their faces. They were kept in this position for two hours, and the treatment was so effective that four days later all the sufferers were able to rejoin the frigate.

### Failed to Borrow.

Dinguss—Old fellow, it's the same old story. I'm in need of a little financial succor.

Shadbolt—You'll have to hunt further. I am not the little financial sucker I used to be.—Chicago Tribune.

An attendant in a Parisian tea store has invented a little machine that will pack and tie up parcels at the rate of forty a minute.

### His Apostolic Majesty.

The title of "apostolic majesty" is borne by the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary.

Hungary was ruled by dukes from its conquest by the Magyars to the year 1000, the regal title being assumed first by Vaik, whose education had been entrusted by his father, Geyza, who had married a Christian princess, to Adalbert, bishop of Prague. On succeeding his father Vaik embraced and established Christianity, applied for and received from Pope Sylvester II. the title of "apostolic king," was crowned as Stephen I. and afterward known as St. Stephen.

The title was renewed by Clement XII. in 1758 and, though abolished in 1848, was reassumed as "apostolic majesty" in 1851 and restricted in 1868 to the Austrian emperor in his character as king of Hungary. The privilege of being preceded by a cross bearer was granted with the original title.—London Standard.

### Out on a Limb.

"Italy, I see, is going to present the United States with a statue of Caesar."

"What's that?"

"Why, I asked a dozen men this morning who Caesar was and not a one but answered me evasively."

"Answered you evasively?"

"Yes; didn't seem to know, you know."

"Well, well, well; such ignorance! I can hardly believe it possible!"

"By the way, who was Caesar?"

"Why he was—er—no that was Nero. He was—er—he—oh! go to thunder."—Houston Post.

### He Was Cool.

"Now and then I hear an old soldier bragging how cool he was in his first fight," said the one-armed man, "and I always have a dim suspicion that his case was like my own."

"I had determined to be cool at every cost, and so far as I could tell I fired away forty rounds, killed at least ten of the enemy, and had every reason to believe myself a hero. I had begun to brag a little after the thing was all over, when the captain of my company showed me that I had loaded my musket ten times and not fired once and in a fatherly way observed to me:

"Abe, I can forgive you this once for hiding under the baggage wagon, but if you play the trick again I shall have to take official notice of it!"

### How Chicago Is Spelled.

In sorting over the letters for Chicago a man in the general Chicago office has kept an account of the number of different ways the word Chicago is spelled. Recently the record showed 197 different ways. Some ripe scholar in Finland sent a letter to his brother and spelled the name of the Garden City, Zizzazo. Still another foreigner, possibly with a sinister motive, spelled the word Jagjago. Hipaho, Jajijo, Scheechacho, Hizago, and Chachicho are also prime favorites.